

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And send out a Purseuant for his master straight,
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

Exit with the Armorer's man.

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me see it,
What's heere?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the
commons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue.

1. Petit. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Mes-
senger for the whole towne-ship.

He teares the Papers.

Suffolke. So now shew your petitions to Duke Humfrey,
Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,
Dare these peasants write against me thus?

Exit Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke you may see by this,

The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King Henry:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,

And nere regards the honor of his name,

But still must be protected like a childe,

And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,

That scarce will moue his cap to speake to vs,

And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,

That ruffles it with such a troope of Ladies,

As strangers in the Court take her for *Queene*:

She beares a Dukes whole reuennues on her backe,

The other day she wanted to her maides,

That the very traine of her worst gowne,

Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.

Can any greefe of minde belike to this?

I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didst run at Tilt,

And stolst away our Ladies hearts in France,

I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,

Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suff. Madam, content your selfe a little while,

As I was cause of your comming into England,

So

Yorke and Lancaster.

So will I in England worke your full content:

And as for proud Duke *Humfrey* and his wife,

I haue set lime-twigs that will entangle them,

As that your Grace ere long shall vnderstand.

But stay Madame, heere comes the King.

*Enter King Henrie, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Sommer-
set on both sides of the King, whispering with him: Then entereth
Duke Humphrey, Dame Elanor, the Duke of Buckingham, the
Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of
Winchester.*

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or Yorke
or Somerset, all's one to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe,

Ler Somerset enioy his place, and go to Fraunce.

Som. Then whom your grace thinkes worthy, let him goe,

And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. Whomsoeuer you account worthy,

Yorke is the worthiest.

Card. Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to speake.

War. The Cardnal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be best of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that *Somerset*

were Regent ouer France.

Hum. Madame, our King is olde enough himselfe,

To giue his answer without your consent.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be Protector ouer him so long.

Hum. Madam, I am but Protector ore the Land,

And when it please his Grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since thou wast a King

(As who is King but thee:) the common state

Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,

And Millions of treasure hath beene spent,

And as for the Regentship of France,

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